Shal: M. *Page*, I haue seene the day that yong
Tall fellowes with their stroke and their passado,
I haue made them trudge Master *Page*,
A tis the heart, the heart doth all:
I haue seene the day, with my two hand sword
I would a made you foure tall Fencers
Scipped like Rats.

Host: Here boyes, shall we wag, shall we wag?

Shal. Ha with you mine host.

Exit Host and Shallow.

Page: Come M. *Ford*, shall we to dinner?
I know these fellowes sticks in your minde.

For: No in good sadnesse, not in mine:
Yet for all this Ile try it further,
I will not leaue it so:
Come M. *Page*, shall we to dinner?

Page. With all my heart sir, Ile follow you.

Exit omnes.

Enter Sir Iohn and Pistoll.

Fal: Ile not lend thee a peny.

Pistoll: I will retort the sum in equipage.

Fal: Not a peny: I haue bin content you should lay my countenance to pawne: I haue grated vppon my good friends for three repriues, for you and your Coach-fellow *Nym*, else you might haue looked thorough a grate like a geminy of Baboones. I am damned in hel for swearing to Gentlemen y'are good soldiers and tall fellowes: And when mistris *Bridget* lost the handle of her Fan, I tooke it on my honesty thou hadst it not.

Pistoll: Didst thou not share? hadst thou not fifteene pence?

Fal: Reason you rogue, reason.
Dost thou thinke Ile endanger my soule gratis?
In briefe, hang no more about me, I am no gybite for you. A short knife and a throng to your manner of pickt-hatch, goe. You'l not beare a Letter for me you rogue you: you stand vpon your honour. Why thou vnconfinable basenesse thou, tis as much as I can doe to keepe the termes of my honor precise. I, I my selfe somtimes, leauing the feare of God on the left hand, am faine to shuffle, to filch and to lurch. And yet you stand vpon your honour, you rogue: you, you.

Pistoll: I do recant, what wouldst thou more of man?

Fal: Well, go too, away, no more.

Enter Mistresse Quickly.

Quic: Good you god den sir.

Fal: Good den faire wife.

Quic: Not so ant like your worship.

Fal: Faire maid then.

Quic: That I am Ile be sworne, as my Mother was
The first houre I was borne.
Sir, I would speake with you in priuate.

Fal: Say on I prethee, heeres none but my owne houshold.

Quic: Are they so? Now God blesse them, & make them his seruants.
Sir, I come from Mistris *Foord*.

Fal: So, from mistris *Foord*. Goe on.

Quic: I sir, she hath sent me to you to let you
Vnderstand she hath receiued your Letter,

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